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ELIZABETH SKURNICK

My Husband Is a State Trooper

Because of a sideways shadow, the man in the car
 Behind me looks as if he has a crease for a head.
I know it is difficult to suspend judgment.
 I not only suspend judgment, but suspend
Myself in the bargain, wrung out as surely
 As the dishrag over the dripping faucet.
My days are filled with places to be.
 In the A.M. it is the kitchen. In the P.M. it is the kitchen
Too, but in between are the plastic aisles, silent, the gleaming
 Blacktop, the digitized display mounting higher and higher
As it counts off abandoned calories. My day, in this respect,
 Resembles my husband's, but I wish the numbers
To erase me completely. My husband wishes to become
 The man behind me in the car, slowing to evade
The ruby digits—not one who waits, each passage
 Glowing on his passive face. That his skin were a cage,
And I his keeper—holding the key to zip him up solemnly
 By day, and in the evening unzip him again.